

Youths Tragedy

A POEM: mmm

Drawn up by way of Dialogue between

{

 Youth.
 The Devil.
 Wisdom.

}

 Time.
 Death.
 The Soul.

}

 The Nuncius.
 The Devil.
 The Devil.

For the Caution, and Direction, of the Younger Sort.

Frange toros, pete vina, rosas cape, tingeris nardo,
 Frena voluptati laxa, tua tempora vane
 Læticia vixit, rament hoc sub mente revolutus,
 Divinam ad Stygiam Nemesis te poscere penas.

Τοῦτο δ' ἐστὶν ἡ βίβλος τῆς ψυχῆς, ἡ δὲ τοῦ σώματος
 ὅς ἐστιν ἡ ψυχὴ, ἡ δὲ τοῦ σώματος ἡ βίβλος.

Hom.

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The Speakers.

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1672

{ Youth. } { Time. }
{ The Devil. } { Death. }
{ Wisdom. } { The Soul. }

The Nuncius.

The Argument.

- 1.Scene. **T**He first Scene shews, how Youth with self consults,
And, from depraved Nature, what results.
- 2.Sc. How Satan suits his Bait, and deadly Snare
To Youthful Lust, the next Scene doth declare.
- 3.Sc. The third, how Wisdom labours for to win
To Paths of life, from the ensnaring Gin;
And answers what objections do arise,
Scaling those works, where Youth insonced lies.
- 4.Sc. What great Convictions hereupon possess
The Young-man's Soul, the fourth Scene doth expresse
- 5.Sc. How they wear off, and how he hardned grows,
By fresh Satanick Wiles, the fifth Scene shewes.
- 6.Sc. Floting in Mirth, swelling with Scoffing pride.
The sixth Scene doth the sinful Youth describe.
- 7,8,9.Sc. In the three next, swift Time, and meager Death,
Periods his days, and spoileth all his mirth.
- 10.Sc. Within the tenth doth his Tormented Soul,
Slighted advice, and mis-spent Time condole.
- 11.Sc. With offers of rich Grace and sweet Repose
Unto the living, doth the last Scene close.



(1)
Youths Tragedie,
A
P O E M:

Drawn up

By way of Dialogue for the Caution and Direction of the Younger Sort.

The Prologue.

*If thou art serious, then attend, and see,
If not, yet stay, that thou maist serious be.
And whilst thou view'st, consider that thou art
No bare spectator, but dost act a part.
And as thou shalt within these Scenes engage,
So must thou fare, when Time pulls down the stage.*

Youth.

How pleasant is it, when the Sun displays,
From Aries's Golden Fleece, his Golden Rays?
How do the Creatures triumph for to see,
Imprison'd Nature set at libertie?
How doth the Earth rejoyce, that she is seen
Cloath'd in a rich imbroider'd Vest of Green.

I. Scene

A 2

Verna

Youths Tragedy.

Verna now wakens *Flora* from her bed,
 And being up, adorns her lovely head.
Sweet Flora smiles, to see her self so fair,
 And comes abroad for to perfume the Air.
Aurora mantled with the beams of light
 Early sets forth to chase away the night.
Phæbus soon rouzeth, from the Ocean streams,
 To influence our World with fruitful beams:
 And as with Glory, he the Heaven spreads,
 The twinkling *Lamps* outshin'd, withdraw their heads.
 The Heavens are pleasant, darksom Clouds do flie,
 And give a Prospect of an Azur'd Skie;
 From Dewie turf the towring *Lark* ascends,
 And with choice Layes, upon the Morn attends.
 The pretty winged Quire, from their sweet throats
 Fill every place with their Melodious Notes.

And what is *Youth*? but like another Spring;
 And therefore Young man, now rejoyce and sing.
 Discharge sad thoughts, follow thy Recreation,
 Whil'ft that thy Blood hath a free circulation.
 Let Old *Barzillaius* now refuse the Court,
 Thy nimble parts adapted are for sport:
 Let thy heart chear thee, and now chuse delight,
 According as thine Eye shall thee invite.

The Devil and Youth.

Scene *Devil.* Bravely resolv'd, give up thy strength, and
 To please thy self, and all things shall be thine. (time,
 Go

Go view from *Southern* to the *Artick* Pole,
The glory over which the Heavens do role,
And make thy choice ; when done, put forth thy hand,
And please thy self, it's all at thy command.
Riches shall at thy Feet full Bags fling down,
And give a Golden Chain, and Scarlet Gown :
Honour will quickly court thee, and shall set
Upon thy Head, a Golden Coronet :
Pleasure shall strow thy paths with Fragrant Flowers,
And Solace thee within her Shady Bowers ;
Only this word of Counsel, must thee guide,
Trouble thy Head with nothing else beside.

Youth. I'll take thy Counsel, *Conscience* now adieu,
I see I shall have little need of you :
I am resolv'd to suffer no controul,
But to pursue these things with all my *Soul*.

Wisdom and Youth.

Wisdom. Pursue with all thy *Soul*, nay fond *Youth* ^{3. Scene}
And view the Lie, that's lodg'd in thy right hand: (stand,
He that these great things to thee doth propose,
Is free to promise what he can't dispose ;
Neither canst thou acquire, with all thy haste,
Far lesser things, if *God* endeavours blast.
But grant thou had'st what's promis'd, yet thy mind
Instead of *Joy*, would but *Vexation* find :
Inlarg'd desires, will keep thee from *Content*,
And what can't satisfy, will but *Torment*.

But.

But could the *World* compleat Joy to thee bring,
 Yet at the best, it's but a transient thing :
 These *Worldly* things which thou enjoy'st to day,
 To morrow may take Wings, and fly away.
 Thy Soul's Immortal, look what doth agree
 Unto its *Nature*, that must Sate thee ;
 There's nought but the great *Fountain Good* that will
 Suit with thy *Soul*, and thy vast *Spirit* fill.
 Come then, and tread those paths that will thee bring
 Unto the everlasting flowing *Spring*
 Of pure, unmixed, intellectual *Joyes* ;
 Why should'st thou cheat thy self with empty *Toyes*.

Youth. The way is Long, and Thorny that doth lead
 Unto these *Joyes*, and those that do it tread,
 Water their Steps with Tears, and break their Rest
 With those sad Sighs and Groans which fill their Breast.
Wormwood, and *Gall*, on each side of it grow,
Crosses, and *Fears*, this dolorous way do strow,
 And all along this Path you may espie,
 Here scat' red a right Hand, there a right Eye,
 Here a dear Lust, there a dead Comfort lies,
 By *Self-denial* made a Sacrifice ;
 And on the Hills do fired Beacons flame,
 Which round about, invading *Foes* proclaim :
 To whom I either must become a Prey,
 Or through their Hostile Troops must fight my way.
 Pardon me then, if that I do refuse,
 Such *Doleful Wayes* of Trouble, for to chuse.

Wisdom.

Wisdom. Though at the first, this *Way* may seem to be
A Thornie, Rough, Unpleasant Path to thee,
Yet do but try it, what at first seems hard,
Will easie prove unto thee afterward.
For when thy heart, shall be enlarg'd with love,
Unto those glorious things which are above;
Then wilt thou run these ways with great delight,
For in them there is strength to the upright.

Let not those Tears affright thee that are spent
The future *Floods* of sorrow to prevent :
No Wine so precious, as what doth arise,
From the sweet springs of penitential eyes ;
No frame like this, where comfort doth so thrive,
For *God* the contrite Spirit doth revive.

Nor let it daunt thee, that thou must deny
Thy *Youthful Lusts*, and dear self *Mortifie* ;
The blessed end is, that thou may'st *Destroy*
Those *Succors* that would hinder thy true Joy,
And whil'st thou conflicts thus, and giv'st the *Foil*,
Thou'lt sing with those that do divide the *Spoil*.

Let not the *Cross* dismay thee, *God* will fit
It to thy Back, or thy Back unto it.
And what affliction, he doth to thee measure,
It's for thy profit, and not for his pleasure,
That with more even steps thy *Soul* may press,
Forward unto its final happiness.

Fear not to Fight, the Conquest shall be sure,
To him that doth unto the End endure;

For

For by a Hand of Strength, he shall be led
 Upon the Necks of all his *Foes* to tread.
 And on a *Throne* of *Glory* shall sit down
 With songs of *Praise*, and a triumphant *Crown*.

Call not these Paths then *Doleful*, *Youngman* cease,
 All *Wisdom's Ways* are *Pleasantness* and *Peace*.
 Whilst a good *Conscience* lodgeth in thy Breast,
 Thou need'st not doubt of a continual Feast.
 Ask those that follow *Wisdom*, and they'll say,
 They feed on hidden *Manna* in their way :
 By acts of *Faith*, and *Love* they now possess
 That inward Sweetness, which they can't express.
 Strong *Consolations* here do fill their *Cup*,
 Whilst with eternal *Love* their Souls do Sup.

Youth. I understand not how these *Joys* commence,
Youth must have something that may please the sense ;
 Therefore forbear until thou offer'st that,
 Which may be suited to my present State.

Wisdom. Fond *Youth*, thou know'st not what is true
 It's not to please the sensual *Appetite* : (delight,
 This will debase thy *Nature*, and the *Fruit*
 Will be to lay thee level with the *Bruit*.
 That which ennobles, and doth truly raise,
 Are *Visions* of those *Beams* which *God* displays,
 From his sweet reconciled *Face*, which make
 The *Soul* of his blest'd *Nature* to partake.

Youth. These are but darksome *Riddles*, canting *streins*,
 Fitted to suit with *Melancholy Veins* :

What

What canst thou offer now unto my Eye,
That will the *Glory* of this *World* outvie?

Wisdom. Whil'st thou a darksom Riddle this dost call,
Thou show'st thy woful Darknes since the fall,
For though an instinct still remains to *Bliss*,
Yet wantest Light to guide thee where it is.
And whil'st thou counts my words as canting *Streins*,
Thou shew'st what Rancor in thy *Nature* Reigns;
Which is so far envelop'd in dark night,
As that like Death it hates the beams of Light.

But will the good things of this world content?
Then view what *Wisdom* doth of this present:
Honour and *Riches* her left hand enfolds,
And in her right hand length of days she holds;
Which she gives forth to them that do her love,
So far as they may real blessings prove:
If what thou hast be mixed with a curse,
It will prove to thee *Vanity*, nay, worse.
That hand of *Mercy* that gives forth the Treasure,
To make it *Mercy*, must give forth the Measure;
That hand must guide thee how it must be us'd;
Mercies prove *Judgments* when they are abus'd.
Take all thy good things then from *Wisdoms* hand,
And use those good things as she doth command.

Youth. If *Wisdom's* ways so eligible are,
Why do so few unto her paths repair?
And those from thatched Roof, and Fishers boat,
Why not the Wise, the Great, and men of Note?

B

Such

Such as the bright Celestial bodies measure,
 And their vast distances, can tell at Pleasure,
 That know the Motion of the Heavenly Sphears,
 And how the wandring Planets, in them Stears;
 When they progressive are, and when they stray,
 Why do they not discover this same way?

The mighty Agonist that spends his days
 In great Atchievements, for a wreath of Bays,
 That courts forth Danger, for to raise Renown,
 Why don't he strive, for the Immortal Crown?

The Rich man, that from Mountains of thick clay
 Doth take a prospect, jointly for to lay
 Houses and Lands, great Lordships for to rear,
 Why do not such men, make a purchase here?

The high born Noble, whose vast thought aspires,
 To rise in honour to the twinkling Fires;
 Whose Grandeur wants more Worlds to make him
 Why seeks he not this World that is to come? (room,

Wisd. If *Wisdom's* followers, with the World's thou
 It is acknowledg'd then, they are but few, (view,
 For most with present sensual things converse,
 And in their droffy Lusts, their souls immerse.

Yet if thou wilt but view in sacred story,
 The Multitudes before the Throne of Glory,
 Cloath'd with white Robes, more splendid than the
 That from the blazing Sun, at mid-day streams, (Beams,
 Whose blessed hands, such conquering Trophies bear,
 As in the Roman Charriots, never were,

That

That on the Paradisian Banks repose,
Where living streams of Pleasure always flows,
Basking their souls, in those Immortal Rayes,
Which Everlasting Glory, there displays,
Thou'lt find their number so far to arise,
As no man's able to Arithmetize :

Those Saints that with Seraphick Angels join,
In Heavenly consort with their tunes Divine,
To sing forth that same great Doxology,
They are in number nigh Infinitie.

And that the poor, the Gospel do receive,
It shews his greatness, whom they do believe;
He that of nothing Heaven and Earth did raise,
From things that are not, still creates his praise;
And as in Power, so is he great in Grace,
That doth the mean despised ones embrace.

Whil'st men of note, through pride are apt to stray
Thinking themselves too great, for *Wisdom's* Way:
But as the Mountains, whose high heads do shove
Unto the Lofty Clouds, do barren prove,
VVhil'st the Low Valleys and stream wat' red Fields,
Their Loaded Crops, and fruitful burdens yield,
So with the Great, and Proud ones, doth it fare,
VVhom God resists, whil'st Low ones blessed are,
That all the Glory might to him redound,
That doth by weak things, Mighty things confound.

Yet some for Honour, VVildom, Power, fam'd,
Both in Divine, and humane records nam'd,

For Birth, and Wealth, for Arts, and Arms renoun'd,
Have in the tract of *Wisdoms* ways been found ;
Whose raised Spirits, there did find, and know,
They had in truth, what once was but in show.

Would'st thou be *Noble* ? *Wisdoms* ways then love,
They noblest are, whose birth is from above ;
Who for their Crest, a Crown of Glory bear,
Upon a head, that doth to Heaven rear.

Would'st thou be *Wise* ? there's none so wise as those
That with the great, and chiefest Good, do close ;
That skilfully upon those means attend,
That do direct their souls unto that end.

Would'st thou be *Great* ? no Princes greater are
Than those that wrestle and prevail in Pray'r ;
That conquer self, and overcome in Fight
The Principalities and Powers of Might.
They mightier are that over Lust prevail,
Than those that do the strongest Cities scale. (path,

Would'st thou be *Rich* ? then come and tread this
No Souls are Richer than the Rich in Faith :
Whose large Renewal take it thus in Sum,
All good things present, all great things to come.

Youth. Lady, excuse me till another day,
There's time enough hereafter for this way ;
Let me my youthful daies please in their choice,
And then I'll promise to obey thy Voice ,
When Age hath quencht within this lustful fire,
And shall in private weary limbs retire ;

This

This will a season be to bend my mind,
Unto those ways where I may *Wisdom* find.

Wisd. Vain *Youth*, vain *Youth*, hereafter is not thine,
He that hath now *no* heart, may have *no* time.
That Captain which to day doth terms afford,
May storm to morrow, and put all to th' Sword ;
And he that this day will not spread his sayl,
To morrow, if he would, may find no gale :
Or he that gives Grace to the penitent,
May not *Repentance* give to th' negligent.

But wilt thou in old *Age* these ways embrace ?

Are weary limbs fit for to run a race ?

And when the day is ready to shut in,

Is that a time this Great work to begin ?

Shall *Satan* be presented with the prime,

And *Wisdom* only have the Dregs of Time ?

Shall *Strength* and *Vigour*, be at his command ?

At hers, a *Crazy* head, and *Palsey* hand ?

Wilt thou keep back the sound from hallow'd flame,

And for oblation bring the blind and lame ?

Do'st think it fit thy *Maker* should accept,

That which with scorn, thy *Ruler* would reject ?

In depth of *Winter*, when the Heavens are spread

With a black Vail, and all lights darkened ;

When Clouds do thick return after the rain,

And their repeated showers pour down again ;

When that Tempestuous *Storms* beat round about,

Is this the only *Season* to set out ?

Surely,

Surely, if serious, this thou wilt not say,
 Why is it then, vain *Youth*, thou would'st delay?
 Oh that there were within thee once a heart,
 From all the ways of *Folly* to depart!
 Those *gaudy things* with which she takes thine eye,
 Thou wilt be sure to find but *Vanity*.

Youth. The *Wiseman*, though he said so, yet would try
 Before he did believe it; so will I.

Wisdom. But having try'd it, he hath fix'd a *Buoy*,
 That others might not here themselves destroy.
 His own *Experience* he hangs out for light,
 That thou may'st see to steer thy way aright;
 He sets a mark upon this dangerous shoal,
 That upon it thou might'st not wrack thy Soul.
 By Cautions, VVarnings, Tears, and sad Remorse,
 He shews the *Hazard* of this woful course.
 If after all this, when that thou hast seen
 Those tops of *Masts* where sad Shipwrack hath been,
 Yet thou wilt venture foolishly to stray,
 Though he was spar'd, thou maist be cast away.
 But should'st thou spared be, it hard would prove,
 Fast rooted *habits* ever to remove:
 For like the *Leopards* spots, and *Negro's* skin,
 So *Custom* proveth in a way of sin.

Youth. VVell, trouble me no more, I must fulfill
 Those strong propensions that are in my *Will*.

Wisd. And wilt thou rush, vain *Youth*, without all fear,
 Like to the Horse, upon the charged Spear?

Is Life a Trifle? Is a Future state
 Not worth the caring for? and wilt thou hate
 Thy precious *Soul*? wilt thou inhumane be
 Unto thy self? oh, wretched *Crueltie*!
 VVilt thou the way of *Folly* now pursue;
 And turn thy back on *VVisdom*? then adieu.
 But let me tell thee, that another day
 Her path thou'lt find, like the *Strange Womans* way,
 VVho cometh forth with Smiles, in rich attire,
 And with her kisses *Youthful Lust* doth fire:
 In her curl'd Tresses *Lethal Nets* do lie,
 And from her *Eye-lids* killing Darts do fly;
 Between her breasts surprizing *Snares* abide,
 Under her *Beanty* Deadly *Vipers* hide.
 VVith honey strains her subtile lips do court
 The *Simple* one, to her destructive sport;
 VVith speeches smother than the finest *Oyl*,
 She doth betray into her fatal *Toyl*.
 By wanton, amorous glances, she allures,
 And with embracing arms her prey secures.
 Thus by her flattering ways the *Captives* led,
 VVithout all fear, to her perfumed bed,
 Not thinking that her woful *Guests* do dwell
 VVithin *Death's* chambers, and the vaults of *Hell*.
 But when a stranger's filled with his wealth,
 And when he hath consumed all his health,
 When that his *Honor*, and his *Labour* lies
 Within her house, a slaughter'd *Sacrifice*,

When

VVhen *Rottenness* enters into his bones,
 And fills his flesh with pain, his breast with groans ;
 How doth he deeply now reflect upon
 Those years, he gave unto the cruel one !
 How doth he find that burning *Coals* he plac'd
 VVithin his bosome, whilst he her embrac'd !
 How doth he now from his *Experience* cry,
 He like a Bird, unto the *Snare* did fly !
 And whilst unto her way his steps he bent,
 He, like an Ox unto the slaughter went ;
 And that same pleasure which he did so like,
 Now, as a dart, doth through his Liver strike.
 This is the way of *Folly*, this the end,
 Her Feet to *Death*, her steps to *Hell* do tend. (glide
 Like to those streams which through green Meadows
 Till in the *Dead Sea* they at last do slide ;
 So runs her Course ; through *Pleasure* though it take,
 It ends in *Judgment*, and a fiery *Lake*.
Young Man, farewell, oh, mind thy future state,
 Take Counsel now, before it be too late.
 Oh now remember those invited *Guests*,
 That being call'd slighted the Marriage Feast :
 But for so great contempt did dearly pay ;
 VVhere *Mercy* could not gain, there *Wrath* did slay.

T O U T H.

4. Scene VVhat strange *Impressions* do my Spirits feel ?
 How do my former *Resolutions* reel ?

VVhat

What strange *Convulsions* seize upon my Mind?
 What inward quick *Distortions* do I find?
 How do my *Thoughts* press forth on every side;
 And in two great *Battalia's* do divide;
 Assaulting each the other with great Force,
 Sometimes *Lust* gaining Ground, sometimes *Remorse*:
 With armed troops, the *Sensual Appetite*
 Doth beat down all before it in the Fight,
 Till *Conscience* with fresh succours doth oppose,
 And, by strong hand, her Forces overthrows.
Affections see it, and do haste to bring
 Relief and Succour to the broken *Wing*:
 And so with furious rage, they down do fell
 All that their fierce *Impressions* would repell;
 The *Will* well backed with the chiefest flower
 Of *Veteran Soldiers*, with a mighty power
 Doth on the *Gross* of the *Battalia* fall,
 And questions not but for to carry all.
 And now the *Judgment* with its utmost might
 Makes strong resistance, and prevents a flight;
 And with brave *Courage*, and repeated blows,
 Represseth the great fury of her Foes.
 And whilst they thus engage with Warlike hands,
Victoria now between them doubtful stands.

This is the *War* that gives my Mind no rest,
 My *Judgment* tells me *Wisdoms* wayes are best:
 My *Conscience* checks me that I don't obey,
 And shews the danger, if I do delay.

C

My

My *Will*, and my *Affections* do oppose,
 And would with *Sensual pleasures* have me close :
 Thus in sad Fears and Cares my thoughts do roul,
 Whil'st that I have these workings in my Soul.
 What I shall do, I know not ; this I find,
 That strong *Convictions* do assault my Mind.

The *Devil*, *Youth*, and the *Nuncios*.

Scen. 5. *Devil.* *Youth*, What's the matter, wilt thou quit the
 And to a Melancholy *Fancy* yield ? (field,
 Wilt thou expose thy self to taunting *Fears*,
 Whil'st thus thou load'st thy breast with needless fears?
 Go fill thy hand, and head with those affairs,
 That this *World* calls for, and so choak these cares :
 Or take thy *Pastime* at some pleasant *Play*,
 And with those streins of *Wit* drive *Fear* away :
 With *Scenes* and *Objects* go and feast thine *Eyes*,
 And glut thy *Lusts* with great *Varieties*.
 Or, to thy old *Companions* straight resort,
 And so divert thy self with *Youthful Sport*.
 Go pierce the choicest *Liquors*, and drink down
 Full draughts thereof, till thou these *Troubles* drown:
 Or joyn thy self unto the Jovial *Blades*,
 Who hunt forth *Pleasures*, in their *Maskarades*.
 Let those *Cross-workings* that thy *Soul* doth meet,
 Be prostrate laid at some fair *Ladies* feet.
 Why should thy day be stained with a Cloud,
 And all thy comforts under *Darkness* shroud ?

Nun.

Nun. The Young man listens first, and then resolves
 The Pleasure offer'd, and at last resolves
 To make a trial; thus his feet are led
 Into those Paths that wind unto the dead.
 Like unto him, that views the sparkling *Wine*
 That doth in Crimson Robe through Crystal shine,
 And is delighted, whilst he doth survey
 Its *Jocund Spirits*, on the top to play;
 Until at length, seduced by his look,
 He baiteth for himself a deadly hook,
 And swallows down that which at last doth bring
 The *Serpents* biting teeth, and *Adders* sting;
 So whilst the Young man with Temptation plays,
 And on Gilt out-sides wantonly doth gaze,
 He in the Paths of Folly soon doth stray,
 And to *Satanick Wiles*, becomes a prey,
 Who forward still, his Captive doth ingage,
 Hur'ing him though; many a dirty Stage:
 For whilst in *Pleasure*, he his Soul doth drench,
 All his *Convictions* he at last doth quench,
 And like the Dog that doth by th' Anvil lie,
 About whose ears, hot sparks from loud blows flie.
 Which at the first, he could no way endure,
 But now by use he comes to sleep secure;
 So sleeps this *Youth*, the Terror once in sin
 Being extinguish'd, through a course therein.
 And so his Heart grows hard, his *Conscience* fear'd;
 And now he mocks at that which once he fear'd;

From frequent *Acts*, he comes for to *Devise*
 That against which, at first, his heart did rise.
 (He that will venture on a way of sin,
 Many a dreadful step may take therein.)
 His Time it is but short, for you may see
 In the next *Scenes* his sad *Catastrophe*.

Youth.

Scen. 6. *Youth.* How do I now in Pleasures bosom rest,
 Whil'st Checks and Fears are banish'd from my breast !
 Those *Menaces* that on my *Thoughts* did throng,
 I have repuls'd ; the threat'ned man lives long ;
 Is not this better than to whine away,
 With pensive, pewling *Mopes*, my pleasant day ?
 How joyful is it now unto my sight,
 To see my self adrift in all delight ?
 And as this is a day of mirth to me,
 So shall to morrow more abundant be.

Nuncius.

Scen. 7. *Nun.* So *Foolish* and so *Vain* a thing is Man,
 Whose *Joyes* are *Bubbles*, and whose *Life's* a *Span* ;
 Yet for to promise both he is so mad,
 As if the *Royalty* of both he had.
 But like the *Poste* that swiftly passeth by,
 Or like the *Slave* that doth from bondage fly,
 Or like a nimble *Ship*, that with full sayl
 Doth run her course before a prosperous gale ;

Or

Or like the *Eagle* that her Prey espies,
Like *Lightning*, with swift wings unto it flies ;
So *Time* now speeds to let the *Young Man* know
That all his way and walks are a *vain show*.

Time and Youth.

Scen.8.

Time. With winged swiftness I do hither flie,
To let thee know thy *fatal end* draws nigh.
Like to the *Grass*, or like the fading *Flower*,
So withereth all thy *Glory* in an hour :
Too late *Experience* now must teach thee this,
Thy *life* a *Shadow* and a *Vapour* is.
I shall no more turn thy neglected *Glass*,
A few *sands* only now remain to pass ;
My whetted *Sythe* comes next for to be us'd,
To let thee know, *Time* will not be abus'd.

Youth. My *Aged Father*, turn thy *Sythe* away,
Cut down the ripened *Ears*, let green ones stay ;
Go where the *Fields* are white, whose stalks do bend,
Under their burden, and there put an end
Unto those pressures, but with-hold thy hand
From the green *Blades* ; let immature ones stand.
I am too young yet for the *Sythe* of *Time*,
Come when my *Locks* shall be as white as thine.

Time. Forbear, fond *Youth*, *Time*'s not at thy com-
The tender bud oft feels my cropping hand ; (mand,
Hast thou not often read *Elegiack* Verse,
Compos'd to celebrate a *Virgin* Herse ?

Hast

Haft thou not seen the Mother, with wet eyes,
 Sprinkle the dust wherein her *Young Son* lies;
 How oft hath *Death* white *Trophies* to declare,
 Those he leads captive forth, they *young ones* are?
 I know where lies my work, advice pray spare,
 Where I should reap, and where I should forbear;
 I count thy *Sands*, and when the last I see
 Fly to its *heap*, thou'rt ripe enough for me.

Youth. Much honour'd Father, let my suit prevail,
 O'relook my boldness, pardon where I fail.

Time. How much I've honor'd been, thou know'st full
 Thy wasted *Days*, and reveling *Nights* can tell, (well,
 Wherein thy great contempt was shewn that durst
 Makeme a *Pastime* to thy bruitish *Lust*.
 Yet blame not me, thy *Sands* so soon did pass,
 But blame those *Lusts* that often Jog'd thy Glass.

Youth. Yet once more *Father*, let thy gentle hand
 Give longer *Date* unto my fleeting *Sand*;
 I've wasted much, what now thy bounty lends,
 I'll only spend to make thy self amends.

Time. Those *Purposes*, that sudden *Fear* doth raise,
 Too often prove like to a thorny blaze.

When struggling storms from straitning Caverns rend,
 And Flame-torn Clouds, their thundering Shows down
 When swelling *Floods*, with angry *Voice* do roar, (send,
 And send their *Wracks*, to beat the stubborn *Shoar*,
 How doth the Frightned Sea-man fall to pray'r
 And with large Vows, his hands to Heaven rear,

Whil'st

Whil'st the fierce stroke of ev'ry raging *Wave*,
Threatens to make, the swallowing deep his *Grave*;
When as no sooner, are his Feet on Shore,
But he's as bad, or worser than before.
So tumble down those high rais'd Vows, whose *Base*
Are not sure founded on renewing *Grace*.
Time will not trust thee, look thy *Glas* is broke;
And *Death* comes now, to give the *Fatal stroke*.

Death, Nuncius, and Youth.

Death. *Youth*, come away, for thou must with me go ^{*Scen. 9.*}
To the dark *Regions* that do lie below;
Come, this same hand must seize upon thy breath,
And lead thee down into the shades of *Death*.
Here is no dwelling for thee, but thou must
Take up thy lodging with me in the *Dust*;
And in thick *Darkness* make thy dismal bed,
Whil'st crawling *Worms* under thy head are spread;
The pleasant *light* no more thine *Eyes* shall see,
But with *Corruption* thou must cover'd be.
Those thoughts that are gone forth for to purvey
To Feast thy *Lusts* in this thy youthful day;
And all those pleasing *Hopes* thou didst so cherish,
Of long continued *Bliss*, must this day perish.

Nun. Whil'st that the *Youth* the King of *Terrours*
His trembling limbs a cold sweat all bedews, (views
His Pulse beats quck, his gashly Face looks pale,
His spirits sink, and his stout heart doth fail;

As

As when *Defendants* from out-works are beat,
 They to their main strength make a swift retreat,
 That, by united Force, they may oppose
 The fierce attempts of their approaching *Foes* ;
 So to the Heart, his scattered Forces flow,
 That there they may keep off the *fatal blow* ;
 But when this will not do, a parley's beat,
 And now his Enemy he begins to treat.

Youth. Oh *Death*, forbear me, but a little while,
 Until my *Vessel* I provide with Oyl ;
 I am not yet prepared with a *Light*
 To comfort me in this same dismal *Night*.
 Let not my *Feet* on the dark *Mountains* fall
 For lack of *Light* to guide my steps withall.
 Oh, let my *naked Soul* put on her *Vest*,
 Why should I fare like the *unwelcome Guest* ?
 In stormy weather pull not down my *Tent*
 Before I have a better *Tenement*.
 Oh let me stay, that I may make a *Friend*,
 For to receive me at my *Journeys* end.
 Oh let me truly *Live*, before I *Die*,
 I want Provision for *Eternitie*.

Death. Vain *Youth*, already thou hast had thy *Day*,
 But *Grace* was slighted, *Time* was sinn'd away.
 Could nothing waken but the *Mid-Night Cry*
 For to provide, when 'tis too late to buy ?
 Is it a time thy *Naked Soul* to dress,
 When that the *King* is come to view his *Guests* ?

Hast

Hast thou a Habitation still neglected,
 Until the *hour* thou com'st to be ejected ?
 When thou art *Harbourless*, and Storms begin,
 Hast thou a *Friend* to seek to take thee in ?
 Ah, careless *Soul* ! how woful is thy *state*,
 That know'st not how to want, or I to wait !
 Come, come away, I am not sent to treat,
 But for to bring thee to the *Judgment Seat*.

Nun. Whil'st Death to strike lifts up his *Fatal hand*,
 And *Friends* about, with helpless tears do stand ;
 His Rowling Eyes, for aid unto them turn,
 But all in vain, Alas they can but mourn !
 And now his quivering hands begin to catch,
 As if from *Death*, his mortal Dart they'd snatch.

But like the Flame of an expiring Lamp,
 That for to save it self from gloomy damp,
 Seeks the exhausted Oyl with catching light,
 Which when it finds not, vanisheth into Night ;
 So doth his perishing Life strive to maintain
 Its lingring being, but 'tis all in Vain.
 What stay he gains, serves only to present
 The following Terrour which he thus doth Vent.

Youth. How shall I now appear before that *Face*
 That rends the *Rocks*, and *Mountains* doth displace ;
 That melts the *Hills*, and makes the *Earth* to quake ;
 That flings down *Stars*, and doth the *Heavens* shake ;
 That makes those vast expansions for to roul,
 And shrink themselves together, like a scroul ?

D

How

How shall I stand before that dreadful *Throne*,
 From whence bright *Lightnings* and great *Thundrings*
 How shall my guilty *Soul*, endure to hear (come?
 That Voice, that doth the Lofty Cedars tear,
 From which hot burning Coals, and Hail-stones fly
 With hideous noise rending the troubled Sky?
 The *Channels* of the *Frightned Deep* lie bare,
 The *Pillars* of the *Trembling World* appear?
 Who can abide the *Fierceness* of his *Ire*,
 Whose *Indignation's* poured out like *Fire*?

Nun. But go he must; *Death* pierc'd his tender side,
 And in his Heart blood his bright Dart he dy'd.
 Out flies the trembling *Soul*, a Guard doth hale
 It to that Court admitteth of no Bayle.
 Her *Mittimus* is drawn, she's sent away,
 To lie in Prison till the *Judgment Day*.
 Let's lay our ears unto the *Doleful Pit*,
 And hearken there what doth become of it.

The Soul and the Devil.

Soul. Deceitful *Devil*, Wilt thou now torment
 That *Soul*, thou lately flatt' redst with *Content*?
 Are all those Promises thou mad'st of *Bliss*,
 And future *Glory*, are they come to this?

Devil. My Promises, vain *Soul*, they were mistook,
 I us'd them but as Baits to hide my *Hook*;
 My end's accomplish'd, I the prey have caught,
 And now I'll use thee as my *Captives* ought;

With

VVith Chains of *Darkness* I must bind thee fast,
And in these *Flames* of *Wrath* I must thee cast.

Soul. O wretched *Soul* ! how hast thou lost that place
VVhere *Saints* and *Angels* do behold the *Face*
Of Everlasting *Glory*, and do sing
Eternal *Hallelujahs* to their *King* :
Upon whose *Heads* are *Crowns* of *Glory* worn,
And by whose hands *Triumphant Palmes* are born :
VVho in the *Bosom* of dear *Love* do rest,
And on the purest *Joyes* for ever feast ;
VVhil' st with the *Damned Spirits* I do make
My habitation in this *Firy Lake* ;
The *Flaming Pile* whereof is kindled by
The *Breath* of that incensed *Majesty*,
VVhich like a stream of *Brimstone*, where it runs,
All things before it into *Fire* turns.

Oh dismal place ! where *Vollies* of *Outcries*,
And hideous *Howlings* like to *Thunder* flies.
The *horrid noise*, and dreadful *shrieks* that came
From the *Philistines*, when that massy *Frame*,
Bereft of both its *Pillars* down did fall,
And into *Death* and *Ruin* crusht them all ;
The frightful *Roarings* and the woful *Cries*,
Which *Sodom* sent unto the *Angry Skies*,
Whil' st on their wicked heads they forth did pour
(Of *Fire* and *Brimstone*) a consuming shower ;
Are instances too short for to declare
Those *Wailings* that among the *Damned* are.

Oh Woful State ! their *Torments* who can tell,
 That with *Devouring Fire* for ever dwell ?
 The *Wracking Wheel*; on which the *Bones* are broke,
 By a most gradual and deliberate stroke ;
 The *Firy Pinchers*, which deep *Wounds* do tear,
 That *scalding Sulphur* may be poured there ;
 The *Stripes* of *Scorpions*, that long *Furrows* make,
 With cutting *Saws* that through the *Marrow* rake :
 The *Stings* of *Dragons*, and the rending *Claws*
 Of ravenous *Lions*, for their hungry *Jaws* ;
 The *Cauldrons* that with *Plumbean liquor* boil,
 The *Gridirns* whereon *living Flesh* doth broil ;
 With thousands of like *Tortures* do not bear
 Proportion to the *Torments* that are here :
 And yet this is the Portion of my *Soul*,
 Which now is like that dreadful, bitter *Roul*,
 Fill'd full with *Lamentations*, *Mournings*, *Woes*,
 And floods of *Wrath*, which from *Dire Vengeance* flows.

Horrid *Reflections* likewise do I find,
 Adding great *Anguish* to my *Tortur'd Mind*.
 Whil'st I consider that for *empty Toyes*,
 I have for ever lost *substantial Joyes* ;
 And whil'st I think how oft I have rejected ;
 That *Counsel* which to *Peace* my steps directed ;
 How oft I have extinguish'd that same light
 Which *Conscience* brought to guide my feet aright ;
 How all my precious *Time* I vainly spent,
 And now no *Time* is left for to *Repent* :

This

This like a dreadful *Worm* doth ever gnaw
Upon my *Vitals* with insatiate *Maw*.

Oh now that *Death*, which late my heart-strings
Would come and ease me by a deeper stroke ! (broke,
Oh, how I would as a sweet *Cordial* rate
That blow which should this *Soul Annihilate* !
If such a wish but granted I might have,
I would account that hand that *kill'd*, did *save*.
Oh, this would *Mercy* prove, but none remains,
Not the least drop to cool me in these *Flames*.
I now must *Dying* live and *Living* dye,
Scorch'd in these *Flames* to all *Eternity*.

Nuncius.

Sc.II.

Let us withdraw our Ears from this sad place;
And listen now unto the Call of *Grace*.
Hark how the Angels do proclaim and sing
Peace upon *Earth*, and *Glory* to that *King*
Who in the highest *Heavens* hath his *Throne*,
And towards men his good will maketh known.

See now, how many pleasant Feet there are
Upon our *Mountains* that glad tidings bear
Of the bright *Day-spring*, Shining from on high,
To lighten those, who in *Death's* shades do lie ;
And to direct our wandring feet aright,
Out of black darkness, to the paths of light.

Behold how *Wisdom* lifteth up her cry
Within our *Gates*, and where she doth espy

The

The thickest *Concourse*, and the greatest *Throng*,
 There she invites with her mellifluous Tongue,
 That all unto her *Palace* would repare,
 And of her dainties take a liberal share.

That *Persian King* whose Scepter gave commands
 From Indian streams, to *Æthiopian* sands;
 Before whose peaceful *Throne*, and Crowned brow,
 The mighty *Powers* of th' *Orient* World did bow;
 That from the purvey'd Elements, had stor'd
 With Princely dainties, his most Royal board,
 And entertain'd his Nobles, with such fare,
 As might his *Glory*, to the World declare;
 Had no such banquet, as is here sent in,
 From the rich Love, of *Heaven*, and *Earth's* great *King*:
 That perish'd in the using, but in this
 Eternal life's serv'd up in every dish.

Look how awak'ned *Souls* shake off the bands
 Of dismal Darknes, and the proud commands
 Of the *Æthereal Powers* at *Wisdoms* cry,
 And like the Doves unto her windows fly,
 Where *Mercy* ready stands, to wellcome all
 That yield obedience to her blessed Call:
Scorners, and *Fools*, yea such as long have bin
 Bewilder'd in the crooked *Ways* of Sin,
 If they return, *Mercy* will them embrace
 In tender Arms, of Everlasting Grace!

Th' ungrateful Son that did his Father leave,
 From whose free hand, he largely did receive

A liberal portion, which he vainly spent
On swinish Lusts, and sordid merriment,
And wander'd far ; until for want of bread
The *Swine* he kept, and with the *Swine* he fed :
No sooner did this hungry *Prodigal*,
From wandring steps, his weary feet recall,
And from the barren *Waste*, doth bend his course
Unto his Father's house, with true Remorse ;
But like the golden Beams of dawning light
Unto the *Watchman*, tir'd with stormy night,
Which do no sooner from the Orient dart,
But they are wellcom'd, with a chearful heart,
So is the sight of this returning Son,
Whose Father, to him, yet far off, doth run ;
Embraceth, kisseth, cloatheth with the best,
And entertains him with a joyful Feast.

Only presume not, but without delay
Close with the voice of *Wisdom*, now to day :
Though it's a truth, that always here bears date,
That true Repentance, never comes too late ;
Yet thou wilt find it, upon serious view,
That Late Repentance, seldom proveth true.

But grant it real prove, how great a time
Is spent in eating Husks, and feeding Swine ;
In which thy empty Soul might have been fed
With Angels Food, and with the Childrens bread ?
How long a bondage dost thou undergo,
VVorse than the Slave, that doth in Gally row ?

Or

Youth's Tragedy.

Or his, whom *Captiv's* sons in chains did bind,
Thrust in a Mill, with Eyes thrust out, to grind.
Whom Satan, at his will doth captive lead,
And every sordid lust doth on thee tread;
That might long since, such *Freedom* have possest,
As doth the *Denizens* of Heaven invest:
How art thou doing that, which if once won
To Paths of life, with tears must be undone;
Wasting that Time which might fit many a Gem
With polish'd Lustre, for thy Diadem.

Then gird thy *Morning* loins, to spend thy days
In working here, for thy *Creator's* praise,
Who with propitious Eye, will have regard
Unto thy pains to give a full reward.

The Epilogue.

The end, is endless, Wisdoms ways in Bliss,
The Paths of Folly, in the great Abyss,
Wherein Grace-slighting Youth, angulst remains,
To spend an endless Now, in Direful flames:
Be caution'd then, For he that will not take
Example now, shall an Example make.

He that in wickedness his life will spend
Will never think of a happy end.

F I N I S.

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